

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

The Time.

"Sometimes you have to hit a man to make him keep quiet, so that you can save him from drowning."

"Yes, and the time to do it is when he first begins to rock the boat."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly hair by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Speed Mania.

"How are you getting along with Miss Gadsden?"

"I think I'm ahead of all the other fellows so far, as I have the fastest motor car in town."

"I see."

"But I'll be out of the race if she ever gets acquainted with a fellow who owns a high-power aeroplane."

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Laxative, relieves colds, cures. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

How Donald Delivered Message.

Sportsman (north for partridge shooting, to highland gillies)—Donald, I want you to deliver a message for me in the village.

Donald—Very well, sir.

Sportsman—You know where Miss Brighteyes lives?

Donald—Och, yes, sir.

Sportsman—Well, Donald, call on Miss Brighteyes and say Mr. Masher presents his compliments, and is very sorry that business will prevent him calling this evening.

Donald—Very well, sir.

Sportsman—One moment. Do you think you could remember a sentence of poetry?

Donald—Och, yes, sir.

Sportsman—Then tell her "Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

Donald (at the village, to Miss Brighteyes)—Mr. Masher is fu' o' compliments, an' is very sorry he canna be wi' ye the night, an' tho' he's lost his sight his memory is clear, an' may the Almighty forgie me for the lee I'm tellin' ye.—New York American.

Sophie's Quick Retort.

Her quick wit has carried Sophie Tucker through many ticklish positions in vaudeville, and once while rehearsing for a production turned an unpleasant situation in her favor.

Ben Teal, the veteran stage director, was doing the rehearsing and took occasion to correct Miss Tucker's pronunciation of a certain word, explaining to the assembled members of the company that the benefit of his remarks, that in the word disputed the letter "t" was silent. Sophie accepted the correction with the remark: "All right, Mr. Teal—with the 't' silent."

Most of us get what we deserve, but few of us are able to recognize it.

MISSING CHANCE FOR LAUGH

Of Course None of the Soldiers Would Think of Smiling at Sergeant's Mishap.

The drill sergeant was real mustard, and the recruits were having a bad time. The weather had been very wet, and the parade ground was still slippery. In doing a movement smartly, as an example to his men, the sergeant slipped and fell full sprawl, and naturally the "rookies" could hardly repress their mirth.

Getting up with all the dignity he could muster, the sergeant's eye fell on Murphy's grinning face.

"Well, you grinning hyena!" he roared. "What's 'urting you? Do you see anything funny?"

"No, sorr," gurgled Murphy, tactfully. "But, ahure, OI was just thinkin what a laugh we cud have had it been anywan save yerself, sergeant!"

He's a Wiser Man Now.

There is no use in arguing with your better half as to who is boss of the shack, especially if she happens to be in the amazon class. This didn't occur to a New York married man until after his spouse was through disciplining him. And then he looked as if he had tried to stop a train. He is wearing enough gauze around his head to make a summer frock for an elephant, his windpipe is in splints and his pretty blue eyes are closed and in deep mourning. The doctors say he will live for years, but that he will be dizzy for about a week. Wife allowed that she did all this by "tapping hubby with a comb." The court, however, inclined to the belief that the lady combs her hair with a healthy anvil.

SAVED MINISTER'S LIFE.

Rev. W. H. Warner, Frederick, Md., writes: "My trouble was Sciatica. My back was affected and took the form of Lumbago. I also had Neuralgia, cramps in my muscles, pressure or sharp pain on the top of my head and nervous dizzy spells. I had other symptoms showing that my Kidneys were at fault, so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They were the means of saving my life."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer, or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved, 50c per box. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

Retort Courteous.

Chairman Walsh of the industrial relations commission is used to holding his own with millionaires. They tell a story about a millionaire with whom he played a round of golf during one of his committee investigations last year.

It was on the millionaire's private course, and Mr. Walsh, teeling off, sliced the ball, which fell into a marsh.

"New ball, caddy," he said.

"But, Mr. Walsh," the millionaire remonstrated, "aren't you going to look for that ball?"

"No, sir; I'm not," Mr. Walsh answered.

"But Mr. Walsh," persisted the millionaire, "that ball cost 75 cents."

Mr. Walsh looked the millionaire in the eye and smiled.

"My dear sir," he said, "when I get to be as rich as you are maybe I'll be able to afford the time to look for lost golf balls. Caddy, put the new one here."

A Long Spell.

Teacher—Can you spell prestidigitator?

Tommie—No, mother doesn't want me to.

"Why not?"

"She said she only wanted me to go to school for a short spell."—Yonkers Statesman.

New York city has 526 mounted policemen, Philadelphia 435, and Chicago 136.

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at your druggist or from the store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.—Adv.

NO CHANCE FOR BUSINESS

Old Gentleman's Explanation Convinced Agent That He Had Called at the Wrong House.

The agent stopped at the piazza of the cottage by the sea, where sat a bronzed and rugged old man.

"If you are troubled with moths, as no doubt you are, I have just the proper remedy."

"Moths have never bothered me," said the old man.

"How about the grasshopper pest? I have something here which is guaranteed."

"I don't believe I've seen a grasshopper in forty years. The fact is—"

"But surely you want to be prepared to fight the locusts. Now, this package contains—"

"I have never had any trouble with locusts, and I never expect to," replied the old man.

"Well, you've got me stumped," said the agent. "How do you manage to escape all these things?"

"Easy enough. I'm captain of the brigantine Nellie M., sailing between here and Java."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Probably Had Right Idea.

A traveler entered an inn where a Quaker sat by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles and rubbing his eyes, which looked very inflamed, the newcomer, in one breath, called for some brandy and made a grievous complaint about his eyes.

"They are getting weaker and weaker," said he. "And now even the spectacles appear to do no good."

The Quaker looked first at him and then at the brandy.

"I tell thee, friend, what I think," said he. "If thou wouldst wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

'Twould Spoil It All.

Mother—Young man, don't ever let me catch you kissing my daughter.

Young Man—No, ma'am, I won't.

Sawed-Off Sermon.

If there is anything more contrary than the average female of the species, it is a right-angled lock on a left-handed door.

For Her Sake

By A. P. DELANCY

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Mail, sir," reported the office boy, and placed a pile of miscellaneous letters on the desk of young Gordon Leith, manager of the importing house of Waltham & Co.

Leith only nodded. He was in a pleasant dream and did not want to be disturbed. In four days he was to marry Vera Merriam. He had everything to be thankful for. Her father was wealthy and stood high socially. Recently Waltham & Company had raised his salary. Everything was harmonious and lovely. Even gruff, dignified prospective father-in-law was seemingly pleased at the approaching wedding. Was he not coming in that afternoon to talk over the final arrangements for it with Leith?

"Routine," observed Leith, at length arousing from his happy reverie. "All right—there will be only three days more of it. Then for a two weeks' delightful honeymoon."

In a perfunctory way Leith took up the paper knife and slit the envelopes before him. Then he began taking out their contents.

"Order," he tallied them off—"complaint, request for new price list," and

he placed the letters in the trays of the various departments—"hello! what's this?"

Leith stared hard and looked confused and startled, as he read the words:

"It will be for your own good to meet me at 2 p. m. Tuesday, at Gregory's cafe. It's a safe place and I will be in No. 27. Bring along the cash to take up those I. O. U.'s, or the capital for a new round of revenge, or I'll blow the thing to your bosses and you'll lose your place."

"DAVENAL."

"Why!" breathed Leith in sheer amazement, "what does this mean, anyhow? Where is the envelope? There must be some mistake. Here it is—the mischief! At it again—and worse than ever!"

Leith allowed the letter to drop to the desk as he scanned the direction on the envelope: "Mr. Harry Merriam."

The brother of Vera! It was meet that Leith should be interested and natural that he should be anxious and troubled. He had been a friend and guide to Harry Merriam. He had helped, guided and shielded the bright natured but impetuous young fellow. Leith had even secured him employment with the business house of which he was manager in order that he might watch and direct him.

Mr. Merriam was a stern, austere man and it had cost both money and patience to control the peccadilloes of the younger Merriam.

More recently Harry seemed to have turned over a new leaf. In order to get him away from his old associates, only the week previous Leith had sent him on a selling tour. Now an echo of the past defections of Harry had come to the surface as a menace. With all his influence, Leith doubted if his employers would retain Harry when they learned of his gambling habits.

Ah! at all hazards the changed course of the weak and struggling must not be crossed! Leith arrived at a speedy decision. He winced as he realized the great sacrifice he was called on to make. Then his lips drew firm and resolute. He forgot all save the urgency of the moment, tossed the letter on his desk, picked up his hat and hurried from the office, leaving word that he would return in an hour.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Merriam called, according to appointment. He was shown into the office of the manager, where he decided to await his return. Almost the first thing that met his eye was the open note that Leith had received. Twice he read it. That proud lip of his drew closer, his stern eye took to its depths a steely glint. He memorized the address given in the missive, arose and started from the place, a smoldering volcano of wrath.

Meanwhile Gordon Leith had gone to his bank. He had saved up over two thousand dollars. He drew an even half of this. Then he proceeded straightway in search of this threatening Davenal. Leith had no difficulty in locating the Gregory cafe. Its upper story had partitioned off compartments. Number 27 contained an individual, coarse-faced, evil-eyed, who sat leisurely smoking a cigar.

"Are you Davenal?" demanded Leith, facing him.

"That's me," nodded the other insolently.

Leith passed beyond the drapery of the doorway and sat down at a little table opposite the gambler.

"I came in behalf of your victim, young Harry Merriam," he spoke sternly. "He is out of the city and I

appear in his stead. You demand a thousand dollars from him."

"Honestly owed, yes."

"You made a provision," went on Leith steadily, "that he can have his revenge. Does that hold?"

The gambler studied his visitor keenly. Then he replied:

"Right!"

"I know but one game of cards," proceeded Leith.

"And what is that?"

"Whist. I will stake one thousand dollars cash against those I. O. U.'s, game ten points."

The gambler smiled. To his point of view this clear-eyed, respectable-looking Leith seemed easy prey. He was, too, nettled at the manifest contempt evinced by Leith and longed to give him a trimming.

"And if you lose?" questioned Davenal coolly.

"Then I give you a check for another thousand dollars and redeem the I. O. U.'s."

"Done!" and the fellow produced a pack of cards and began shuffling them.

A strange expression came into the eyes of Gordon Leith. He drew his coat closer to conceal a dangle ornament attached to his watch chain, as if that might betray a vital secret.

It was a prize given to the champion of a leading whist club in his college days. He had not touched a card for two years, but in the old days—a memory of his conquests gave him nerve and confidence.

Only the click—swish of the bits of pasteboard, the quick breathing of the gambler as, two points scored for himself and nine for his opponent, he threw down his hand, confessing defeat, and passed over the I. O. U.'s.

Silently Leith walked from Number 27. From beyond the drapery of Number 28 stepped—Mr. Merriam!

"Deceiver! Gambler! Hypocrite!" he voiced, his eyes flaming, his scorn withering. "I have traced you to your haunts! You are unmasked—and Vera shall know!"

Gordon Leith paled. Startled, he unconsciously dropped the bundle of I. O. U.'s from his hand. With bowed head he passed from the place. Mr. Merriam picked up the papers. One glance and he staggered back, overcome. The facts were revealed—he read the name of his son and knew the truth.

"What's the row, governor?" chirped the gambler, appearing on the scene.

"I have wronged a true and noble man," uttered Mr. Merriam. "Tell me all of this affair and I will reward you."

The gambler glibly, coarsely stated the facts as he understood them. Mr. Merriam guessed the vast sacrifice that Leith had made, even in the face of being disgraced accepting mutely the onus of degradation not his portion.

Vera Merriam—within four days Mrs. Gordon Leith—never knew of the episode. Harry Merriam knew of it, for his father charged him with his misdemeanors when he returned to the city.

But Harry Merriam was a changed man, and a realization of the brave loyalty of a true friend strengthened his determination to forever evade the pitfalls that had nearly engulfed him.

FROM BABYLONIAN WISE MEN

Came the Division of the Hour as It Has Been Recognized Throughout the Centuries.

The division of an hour into sixty minutes is of ancient Babylonian origin and has survived the reforms applied to notation in the course of the world's progress. Along with the decimal system in ancient Babylon there was the sexagesimal system based upon the count by sixties and originating in the discovery that there is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. It can be divided without remainder by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 15, 20 and 30.

Babylonians divided the sun's path into twenty-four parasangs, the latter representing about four and one-half miles. The astronomers of that day compared the progress of the sun during one hour to the progress made by a good walker during the same period of time, each accomplishing one parasang.

The whole course of the sun was twenty-four parasangs, or 360 degrees, and each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes.

Hipparchus, the Greek philosopher, who lived 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe, and carried along by traditional knowledge down through the middle ages, it survived the French revolution, which endeavored to reduce every measure to decimal system of reckoning, so that the measure of time continues sexagesimal or Babylonian.

Last Manly Right Upsurped.

The steady progress of equal suffrage continues to deprive men of positions once thought to be so peculiarly their own that the opposite sex could never assail their right to them. The case of Mr. Smithers would indicate that about the last position once thought to belong to the male sex almost by right of eminent domain has been wrested from him. It was the dead of night in the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Smithers when she was awakened from her peaceful slumber by Mr. Smithers, who was shaking her by the shoulder and saying:

"Oh, Maria! Get up, quick! There is a woman under the bed!"—Kansas City Star.

Bank of China Expands.

It is officially announced in Peking that the Bank of China is to increase its capital by \$20,000,000. One-half of this is to be obtained from the sale of government property, and the remainder from popular subscription. The increase will make the bank one of the most important and largest in capital in the far East.

Odd Invention.

Miss Katherine Muehler, a Philadelphia woman, has patented a new form of handbag which is capable of being converted into a seat. When opened one part of the contrivance serves as a seat, while another forms a support for the back.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature

of J. C. H. Fletcher

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Caught. Ho—How is it you have never married?

She—You never asked me before.

COVETED BY ALL. but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Exactly. "Is raising bulls for fights a profitable business?"

"I guess it's a toss-up."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.—Adv.

Always Complaining. Greene—He's a hypochondriac—he has no disease.

Wise—But he has many complaints.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

No Matter. "Beauty is but skin deep."

"That's all right. Most people are content to take it at its face value."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Sometimes you can judge by appearances. Many a woman appears to be strait-laced, because she really is laced that way.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Wise is the man who knows his isn't.

No Conveniences. New Servant—An' have yez a garage on the place?

Suburban Housewife—No, we have no car.

New Servant—Then I can't come wid yez. I have to have a place fer me car.—Puck.

The First Sneeze is the Danger Signal—Time to take

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The old standard remedy—in tablet form—No unpleasant after effects—No opiates—Cures colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 3 days—Money back if it fails.

Insist on genuine—Box with red top—Mr. Hill's picture on it—25c—Any Drug Store.

W. H. Hill Company - Detroit

Warner's

Safe Remedies

Have proven their great merit by the beneficial results obtained through their use during the past forty years, in the treatment of the different diseases for which they are recommended.

Warner's Safe Remedy for the Kidneys and Liver 50c and \$1.00

Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy \$1.25

Warner's Safe Rheumatic Remedy \$1.25

Warner's Safe Asthma Remedy 75c

Warner's Safe Nerve 50c and \$1.00

Warner's Safe Pills 25c

For sale by all druggists, or direct, postpaid on receipt of price.

Free sample of any one remedy on request.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WHY "ANURIC" IS AN INSURANCE AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH!

Sufferers from Backache, Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble